

Jake's Arms

by moonlightangel

Category: Animorphs

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-29 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-29 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:41:36

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,902

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A not so short but very sweet C/J fic...yeah, kinda mushy, but you know you like it!

Jake's Arms

Jake's Arms

By: Moonlightangel

>

Disclaimer: Like all of these other fanfic writers, I don't own Animorphs or anything like that. Enjoy, comments are always cool!

>

" 'Morning Cass. What are you eating? And why is it turning your milk purple?", questioned my dad as he strolled over to the fridge and pulled out a carton of orange juice.

He was way to chipper for eight on a Saturday morning. The only reason I was up so early on a non-school day was to help him in the barn. It's halfway through spring, and about this time every year we get a new shipment of hay for our animals in the Wildlife Rehabilitation Clinic-a.k.a.-my barn.

My mom was already at work at The Gardens, which left me to help out dad with the shipment.

Not that I mind all that much. It was kind of a dumb tradition, helping my dad out with this. When I was little I used to "help" him stack the clean, fresh hay high up in the silo; although helping was more or less the opposite of what I was really doing.

Dad would toss me on to a big pile of hay and we would have "hay fights". Kind of dorky, yeah, maybe. But with all the horror and fear and danger the rest of the Animorphs and I have gone through, it's

the small, otherwise unimportant things we cling to.

For me, it's helping my dad in the barn. It's simply right, a good thing to do, no questioning or doubts or anything else about it. It's normal. It doesn't involve any killing or pain that we have seen so much of. Too much. Now we have to live in fear every second, every day. There isn't a place where I can feel truly safe from the yearks.

We all try to cling to our pre-Animorphs lifestyles. With Rachel, she has gymnastics. And Jake, who's still into basketball, even as he is the leader of our group. He has led us into countless battles, made impossible decisions, has never lost any of us, and can still sink that three-pointer.

It made me smile a little, thinking about Jake. A strong leader of the Animorphs isn't all I considered him to be. He means a lot more to me than that. I consider him my boyfriend, even though he's never actually said it or anything. But we both know that we care about each other. A lot. With all the missions we've been through together, we've gotten really close.

The little smile on my face broadened as I thought to myself "Literally...".

But it definitely would be nice to kiss him after a normal date too. Very nice...maybe a movie, an ice cream at Dairy Queen, a walk home in the dark, under the stars...

"Cassie?" Dad interrupted my thoughts. "Try not to fall asleep in that sugar-encrusted cereal you're eating. I know that dreamy look on your face: you're picturing your nice warm bed, but you can't sleep all day. We have work to do. Finish up! Common!"

Once again, Dad is way too cheerful in the morning.

"I'm finishing, I'm finishing. Why are you so energetic?"

"I'm taking your mom out to lunch later today, she doesn't know about it yet. You'll have the house to yourself this afternoon. Now, I don't want you having another wild party like you did last time, young lady. Got it?", he teased, absolutely positive that I've never done anything like that. It still hurt me to lie to my parents so much, the sneaking around all the time... if only he knew how wild my life could really be some times.

"Ok Dad, no police-broken-up parties for me.", I said, humoring his lame jokes with a weak smile. "I'm done, see you out there."

A few hours and many hay stacks later, Dad stood up and brushed off his old jeans. The job was about halfway done, we were moving pretty quickly.

"Ok, I'm off to the Olive Garden now, we'll be back around five or so.", he said, staring towards the door.

"Five?", I replied. "It's only noon now."

"We need a new dishwasher, as your mother has informed me. We'll swing by Sears or something."

"Cool. Have fun."

"See you later kid."

"Bye!"

And he was gone. I walked over to check on some of the animals, and filled up some water bottles. Then I walked back over to the silo, observing with my hands on my hips what still needed to be done. We would need some...

Suddenly, a familiar voice softly called out just behind me, interrupting my thoughts.

"Knock knock." With out even turning around, I knew who it was.

"Jake!", I said, turning with a smile on my face. As I turned to face him, he slid an arm gently around my waist, bringing me closer to him, which surprised me a little. In a good way. "What are you doing here?"

He smiled back and replied, "Well, it's a nice day and I was in the neighborhood, so I decided to stop by. Your dad said I'd find you in here."

"In the neighborhood?" I repeated, lifting an eyebrow. "You know I live on a farm, right Jake?", I teased gently, looking up into his light brown eyes. He has these amazing eyes...

"Ok, so I lied a little.", he admitted sheepishly. "But it is a nice day...and I just wanted to see you."

I liked the truth better. "I was thinking about you too."

Jake smiled his slow smile, the kind that when it spread across his face, I couldn't help but smile back, my knees a little weak. My favorite kind of smile on him. After a minute he asked, "So where did all this come from?". He glanced past me at the hay scattering the barn floor and spilling from the bottom of the silo, taking a few steps towards it.

"We just got a fresh shipment of hay yesterday, my dad and I have been stacking it in the silo all day. Not an easy project."

"Would you like some help?", he offered.

"Definitely, thanks." I accepted his offer. "Come on over here." I walked past him, took his hand in mine and led him over to the silo. I crawled up to the top of the stack, with Jake standing a few feet below me.

"Hand me up that pile?" He lifted it up and I placed it next to the last one. We hadn't ben working long when he handed a clump of hay up to me and it slipped through my hands. It fell back down to Jake's face, and all I could do was watch. Oh no. My hand flew to cover my mouth.

But Jake just smiled up at me, and then tried to pretend to be angry.

He wasn't doing too good a job of it, seeing as how he was laughing the whole time.

"I try to help you out in your barn, and what do you do in return? Through hay in my face!"

In between giggles, I tried to apologize. "I'm so...sorry", I laughed out.

"Oh, no your not! But you will be!", he warned me, laughing with a very mischievous look in those brown eyes I love.

Jake swooped down, grabbed a handful of hay, and tossed it at me lightly.

"Hey!"

"Exactly!" he replied with a wryly smile.

Which led to an all-out hay war. With me above him of top of the pile of hay, I had plenty of ammo. I through it down at him, he tossed it back, and hay flew everywhere. _

I shrieked with laughter as Jake started ticking me. Laughing, I slid down to Jake's level of the haystack, landing in it softly. He offered me a strong hand, to help me up, but I yanked down on it instead. He lost his footing in the hay and slipped, falling on top of me.

For a second my heart stopped. I could feel the soft hay beneath me, his strong body pressed up against me, arms around me, face an inch away from mine. I was powerless to move, all I could seem to do was look into his eyes, searching, wondering what to say or do next. Slowly, Jake started to lift himself off me, mumbling, "Sorr..."

"Jake..." I started, cutting his apology off, as I reached up to touch his face tenderly. On an impulse, I slid my hand around the back of him neck and gently pulled him back down to me.

Jake leaned down and kissed me, and as I closed my eyes the rest of the world disappeared. His lips brushed so softly against mine at first; then a little harder, faster, wanting more. My heart leaped, and then settled down into a faster beat, pounding through my veins.

He wrapped an arm around my waist, the other on my back, cradling me snugly into him. I sild an arm around the lower part of his back, and using the other hand around his neck pulled him even closer into me, our hearts pounding together.

Jake continued to kiss me, and I returned his kiss eagerly. His hand gently but deliberately stroked my lower back in a circle, feeling wonderful. In fact, in his arms I felt wonderful from head to toe.

Then Jake pulled away for a moment to catch a breath, and softly nibbled my earlobe, my neck, kissed my cheeks, temples, eyelids...completely covering me before returning to my lips again.

We kissed deeply again and again, and then Jake slid his tongue into my mouth, exploring gently, sending my head reeling. I did the same, following his movements, eyes closed, heart still pounding. He followed that with a dozen more, and I just let my body surrender to him.

When we finally did slowly pull away, Jake rolled over, laying in the soft hay. I nestled my head into his broad chest, and he slid his arms around my waist, pulling me snugly against him. Neither of us said anything, but with the feeling of contentedness between us...I guess we didn't need to.

I buried my face into his body, and I could feel his heart beating in his chest. I reached up with my fingers, placing them on his chest where I could feel the pounding, steady beat. My fingers gently traced figure-eights over him, and Jake looked down and smiled at me. I took advantage of the opportunity, lifted my face up, and caught his lips with mine.

I kissed his warm lips softly, wanting to stay like this forever. I felt content, unbelievably happy, and...safe. Thinking back on how I felt before, I realized that, yeah, there was a place where I did feel truly safe from the yeerks and the danger and everything else. In Jake's arms.

>

>

>

A/N-Love it? Like it? Even a little bit? Think it's too mushy? Any criticism is great, so lemmie know what you think. Thanx!

-Moonlightangel

>

>

End
file.